

ONLY TWO WAYS.

IT IS A UNION OF THE WEST
AND SOUTH OR REVOLUTION.

The East Has No Trouble in Handling
the Two Old Parties.

The situation is serious. Every patriot will view with alarm the waves of discontent and revolt that are rising higher and higher all over the land. The question on everybody's lips is "how is this all going to end?" There can be but one answer. Plutocracy must take her hand off the throat of labor; the money power must lose its grasp on the industries of the country or there is going to be trouble. It is urged that the matter can be settled by the ballot. But how? No one claims for one instant that the present congress is carrying out the policy which it was elected to do. No one doubts that the reason is members have been bribed, either with office or money, to betray the interests of their constituents. Since 1873 there has been no expression of the people at the ballot box that did not demand an increase of the currency, and that direct from the government. Yet with systematic regularity the will of the people, as expressed at the ballot box, has been set aside and the demands of Wall street complied with. The people, disappointed with one party, have gone over to the other, like two balky horses, but never with any better success. It has been the same to Wall street whether the people supported the democratic party or the republican party. Within the past ten years both old parties have experienced a political cyclone that almost swept them out of existence. But disappointed again the people have returned and resurrected the corpse of their former love, only to meet again sad disappointment. The trouble is that neither one of the two old parties is any longer in the hands of the people. They are represented by two machines and those machines are controlled by politicians that are in the pay of Wall street. It is no longer asked is this measure what the people need, but now will it affect the party? Whether it be a fact that a minority in each party dictates its policy, or whether it is a majority that does so, it is evident that the people no longer do.

Under these conditions what are we to do? The people will never submit to the injustice that is being heaped upon them. The money power is arming itself to carry on its usurpations by force, if necessary, and the people are arming for a resistance. Revolution, with all its revolting scenes, its sufferings and devastation, is staring us in the face. The two old parties can give no relief. They are divided within themselves in such way that Wall street can use fragments of either to help the other. The democratic party with 80 majority is powerless to pass any measure of relief. The republican party would not if it could. The men who control the two old parties are either wealthy or drawing good salaries. Hard times for the producers is a harvest with them. Low prices is money in their pockets. They are not producers. They are consumers. There is no hope of relief in that direction. But there are enough earnest and sincere men in the west and south to control legislation if they will unite. They will never do it under either the democratic or republican banners. It is unreasonable to expect it. The People's party is a common ground on which they can meet. In that way revolution can be prevented. It is the only way. With the west and south a unit relief could be had quick and sure. The man who still contends for democratic success or republican success is either a demagogue or blind to his own and to his country's interests. As a rule the men who do so are either drawing a good salary as a result of talking for their party or expect to do so. The country is being led into the vortex of destruction by spoliemen instead of statesmen. Let the west and south unite.

The Bank of Venice was the longest continuous financial system known in history, and the most successful. It did business by a system of credits, not redeemable in coin. With this system contraction was impossible. It existed and flourished for about six centuries (until the downfall of the republic), and never knew a panic. Not so with the "cash office," a branch which was opened for a part of this time, and whose credits were redeemable in coin. On two occasions it was compelled to suspend payments, and its credits fell below par. It was "lided over" by the aid and influence of the main bank, whose credits (remember, not redeemable in coin—in fact, never to be redeemed at all, except the constant redemption of current business) for the last four centuries of its existence were 30 per cent above current coin value. Contrast this with the numerous and disastrous panics in this and other countries still persisting in a metal basis.

If our currency is so "honest" how is it that the dishonest men have got the most of it?



By the National Reform Press Association.

WE ARE STILL HIS SUBJECTS.

So long as the United States lives under the English Gold system, just so long do American Producers remain the slaves of British Imperialism. Let us shake off the British yoke (Gold) once more by establishing a currency (Silver) the basis of supply of which is not in British possessions.—People's Party.

FINANCIAL TRUTHS.

The difficulty with bimetalism is that it requires a less valuable metal to be maintained at par with a more valuable one. This unnatural condition can not be indefinitely maintained except at constant expense. The objection to the recent bill for coining the silver seigniorage was, that it would add fifty-five millions to our coined money, but that it necessitated the additional burden of maintaining fifty-five millions more of silver at par with gold. Issuing gold bonds to meet this expense does not cure the difficulty—it only postpones it, together with adding to our indebtedness. Along these lines there is nothing but difficulty and disaster.

A circulating medium for the exchange of commodities should consist, not of a substance naturally scarce, which can not be made to increase with the increase of population and the growth of business, but, on the contrary, it should be capable of adjustment to these conditions.

Our country is comparatively a new one, with population increasing rapidly by immigration as well as by natural increase, and rapidly increasing wealth by the development of vast natural resources. Shall our vast interests be crippled by a meagre medium of exchange? The natural basis for a medium of exchange is population and wealth, and not diamonds, rubies, gold or silver. Population, with wealth in its various forms, is the source of need of a medium of exchange and should be the basis of supply. Considering the vast material wealth of this country many think that \$50 per capita is the amount required for the best results. The evils of insufficient (and improperly distributed) circulating medium have been seen during the past nine months in the shape of idle hands and silent industries.

Gold has arbitrarily been chosen as a money metal on account of its scarcity and the difficulty of getting it. It has very little intrinsic value above other metals; its use as money is the chief thing that gives it value; take that away and it will decrease in value as much if not more than silver, by limiting its use as money. The supply of gold does not increase with the growth of population and the increase of other forms of wealth; therefore, it is not a rational medium or basis of exchange of wealth between man and man. Population is the natural basis of a medium of exchange, the amount issued per capita bearing a reasonable relation to the total wealth of the community or nation.

One of our greatest needs as a remedy for the present depression, and as a basis for future prosperity, is a paper money issued directly by the government, not based upon any metal, and not a promise upon the part of the government to pay, but, instead, a promise to receive, as taxes, revenue, customs and all other obligations to the government, and a legal tender for all obligations, public and private. Of course, sufficient guards as to quantity would be necessary. That could be a limited amount per capita, the total amount increasing according to the showing of the census every ten years. Also a certain amount extra every year, to make up for reasonable contraction caused by accidental destruction, as by fire, etc.; the entire amount to be kept in constant circulation by being immediately released as soon as received by the government. Let the present coin circulation remain just as it is, to take care of itself according to natural laws. The fact is, the metals would find their natural places in the arts.

SOMETHING TO SELL.

If there is any one thing that is calculated to make us tired more than anything else it is this senseless twaddle about having "something to sell." Only a few days ago the writer heard a farmer make the remark that if the people only had something to sell they could get the money for it. Yes, we replied, they can get money for it, but how much? Cotton raisers can get from 2 to 4 cents less for their cotton than it takes to raise it. Wheat growers can obtain less for their wheat than it takes to produce it. Labor can sell its products at prices that make the producer poor and the speculator rich. Millions of men and women can not even sell their labor at any price. But government bonds can be sold at a good premium. And why? The bond is not good to eat nor to wear. There is no intrinsic value in it. Yet for it the miser will part with his gold. For it the usurer will give up his cash. Why, we repeat, is this true? Because with every bond goes the privilege of levying tribute on labor. Because it will gather in the earnings of generations yet unborn. For the men who have the gold, bonds are issued that the purchasers may levy tribute on labor.

How different is it when men propose to swap their labor for bonds? Men, too, who are out of employment and whose families are suffering from the pangs of hunger.

They propose to give something of real value, their labor, for bonds, and not ask that the bonds shall bear interest or be a burden on future generations. But no, these men are cranks. True they have something to sell—their labor—but that will not do. It takes gold, precious gold, to buy bonds, and the bonds must bear interest—gold interest—so that the purchasers can get their gold back and still have the bonds with which to levy tribute on labor. A great scheme this, and a great government that permits it. Great also is gold! You can't eat it or wear it, but it is great because, because—because most of the fools whom it is robbing, say it is great. That is the only reason under the shining sun.

The curse of all government is that it governs too much. At the present rate of legislation we are approaching the point where the masses will be mere "jumping jacks." Another decade in the modern evolution will take us back to where Darwin traces the beginning of the human race—the ape! And, having no further opportunity for the exercise of our brains—no use for our arms in work—and when tramping has been made "illegal," our progenitor will still have the advantage over us of being able to "hang on" by the tail.—Twentieth Century.

The United States is operating sixty-seven railroads now, including such gigantic systems as the Union Pacific, Northern Pacific and Atchafalaya, Topeka & Santa Fe. That is all right, for they are being operated for the benefit of the stockholders. If they were operated for the benefit of the people, it would be all wrong.—Populist, Utah.

The weavers say they can not wait for a new congress. They will doubtless have to wait. But their agitation has gone a long way toward making the new congress the right kind. Nothing has done so much to set the people in the cities and in the east to thinking about government affairs as these peace armies.—World.

The south and west have all begun to talk one way. Now if they will only vote one way "the enemy is our's."—Spirit of Reform, Belmont, N. J.

POLITICAL HASH.

Served Hot and Cold to Suit Our Readers.

One of the metropolitan papers makes the statement that it is generally believed, in Washington, that it was a mistake, putting Coxe in jail. We are somewhat of that opinion ourselves. We have been laboring assiduously for a long time endeavoring to impress upon the minds of the people that a poor man in this country had no rights which the plutocrats were bound to respect, and this illustration of our idea has done more to convince them than all the reform editors could have done in a thousand years. A few more object lessons and the people will begin to arouse themselves to a sense of the danger which surrounds them.

The Miner County Democrat of South Dakota sizes up the situation as follows:

"The recent strikes and the dozen or more Coxe 'armies' marching 'on to Washington' have caused many an intelligent person to 'set up a terrible thinkin'.' But will the millions of voters attribute their reverses and misfortunes to the true causes? It is not McKinley tariff nor the proposed changes in the schedules provided for by the Wilson bill; it is not because Cleveland and the democratic party are in power; it is one or all of these things combined which have brought the country into its present perilous condition and filled the land with idlers and tramps. The toilers are required, like the children of Israel in the time of Pharaoh, 'to make brick without straw.'

"We had hoped that democracy would take the bull by the horns and be true to themselves and to the principles and traditions of the party, but we confess that the prospect of arresting the downward course of the party we love is very gloomy. The leaders are jealous of each other. Inordinate personal ambition is leading some to their ruin, and while they are digging their own political graves, they are dragging down with them to disgrace and ruin those of their own household.

"There is no truer axiom than that a 'house divided against itself can not stand.'

"The democratic party is now divided into warring factions. They are more hostile toward each other than they are toward a common enemy. There is manifest discontent, heart-burning and jealousies in the republican party. Chronic hatred of democracy and a love of spoils are the principal cement which holds the leaders together. The leaders of both parties are deserving of the condemnation of the masses of the people. The times indicate a disintegration and reformation of the political elements."

The only thing which the democrats had left to make themselves safe on all their promises made in last campaign was the Wilson tariff bill. Figuratively speaking it was their tail-hold on a further lease of power. That is now so badly mangled that all hopes in that direction are gone glimmering. The thing is mangled so that its own father would not know it, and, if it don't come to a vote pretty soon, some good democrat ought to move to adopt the McKinley law in the interest of tariff reform. Senator Vest says: "We might as well be candid with ourselves. There's no good in trying to humbug the people for a month or six weeks, and then have to admit that we are humbugging them. The Wilson bill now, as it stands, is a McKinley bill, with a short reduction

It is a bill on the same principles. It is protective from start to finish."

We have heard of "cheek" in our time, and have seen a pretty fair article of it among local politicians and lightning rod agents, but it remained for Grover Cleveland to exhibit a specimen that knocks the persimmon without any pole—just standin' flat footed. In a letter to the president of the National Association of Democratic clubs, he says: "It seems to me that its best service has been an enforcement and demonstration of the truth that our party is best organized and most powerful when it strives for principles instead of spoils," etc.

Then, as if he had not said enough to make an army mule blush for shame, he continued:

"The National association of democratic clubs and every other democratic agency should labor unceasingly and earnestly to save our party, in this time of its power and responsibility, from the degradation and disgrace of a failure to redeem the pledges upon which our fellow-countrymen entrusted us with the control of their government."

Of course, his Royal Fatness having delivered himself thus the little squirrel-tailed lawyers, doodlebug politicians and liver pad editors can eat their crow and relish this dish. Such a democratic politics.

Men are leaving the old parties as rats do a sinking ship. A few days ago ex-congressman W. H. Kitchen of North Carolina published a card in which he stated that the democratic party would do very well as a minority party, but was a failure as a majority party. A dispatch from Gilman, Wash., says Mayor P. V. Davis, a prominent republican, renounced his party and joined the Populists. About the same time a half dozen men left the old parties and joined the Populists, among whom was Geo. K. Hartenstein, a member of the state central committee of Colorado. In a letter to Chairman F. P. Arbuckle, Mr. Hartenstein said:

"I am sorry to part company with old political friends, but I can not follow Cleveland democracy, and until the party leaders return to democratic principles and politics, I will refuse to follow or support them. I have not changed my opinion concerning democratic principles as taught by our distinguished founder and former leaders of the party, and I find that there is more true democracy in the People's party at the present time than in the so-called democratic party. I am sorry that you still stand by the party with all its treachery to the people and its un-democratic policies. I hope it will not be long until you can see your way clear to join the only party now in existence that will and can give the country much needed relief."

A NATION'S DISGRACE.

The imprisonment of Coxe by the authorities of the District of Columbia is condemned by the people of all parties. That he should be manacled and thrown in jail for an alleged crime is an outrage.

His right to go to Washington and present his petition is a right that is guaranteed by the constitution.

The assembly on the capitol grounds was peaceful. The commonwealers were unarmed. Were in no manner threatening and the law under which he was convicted had been almost forgotten. Nearly every week processions pass through the capitol grounds yet are not molested by the police. Every day people walk on the grass and are not disturbed.

Every day men may be seen wearing badges as conspicuously as were those worn by Coxe and Brown, yet no objection is raised.

The ordinance has been violated millions of times and will continue to be violated without notice, but in this case it was adequate and served to send an enemy of plutocracy to serve a sentence behind the bars.

The expediency of his plan is not the question with the people. The infamy of his persecutors is the question that the people have in mind.

Those who do not indorse his march nor even believe that his demands were the proper remedy for the popular unrest, the hunger and distress of the unemployed thousands, do not argue that now.

They look on this outrage from a different standpoint entirely and with a unanimity that is remarkable, it is denounced by men of all parties.—Express.

If you owe a man \$10 and have but \$1 to pay it with, how do you expect to pay the debt? You give him the \$1, but you can pay him no more till you have borrowed it back or sold him some property. It is estimated that the total indebtedness in this country has now reached the enormous total of \$40,000,000,000. We have put \$300,000,000 in gold. That is \$1 in gold to \$50 of debt. Will our soup-house, cheap labor, gold-cure friends tell us how, on a gold basis, we can ever pay that debt?—Sledge Hammer.

We should remark! There's a few candidates in the land. Somebody else besides Populists want office.

LAID IT ON THE BOYS.

The Wicked Scheme of Two Sisters to Cure a Disipated Brother.

A very well-known society man, who is in the habit of looking upon wine when it is variously colored, but who has always boasted that he never lost his head, always knew where he was and what was going on, had an experience within a day or two which has caused a change of mind—perhaps of heart—says a writer in the New York Recorder. Maybe you have seen what caused the commotion? Everybody who met him stared hard enough, and we nearly all are acquainted with the blonde Adonis. He came home a little worse for wear the other evening—really he was not fit to come to the table—his sisters—he has no mother—now do you know whom I mean?—were humiliated beyond endurance. After dinner my lord threw himself down upon the dining-room couch and fell into a stupor. Said one of the girls:

"I am determined to give him a lesson he'll remember. He is as vain as a peacock, so I'll humble him through his self-conceit."

What do you suppose she did, and I never lifted voice or hand to hinder. She ran to the druggist's and had a bottle of black dye put up, came back and applied it freely to the dearly beloved, carefully cultivated, luxurious, fair mustache of the sloping beauty! Such a change as it had made in his appearance! He was hardly good-looking at all—not to mention the bizarre effect produced by yellow hair, blue eyes and jet black mouthpiece. I remained over night to witness the fun when he awoke to the state of things. I didn't feel mean, either. The horrid fellow with every inducement on earth and a mother in heaven to make a man of him, getting drunk! I had no pity for him. When morning dawned, my wasn't there a power! I expected he'd start the burglar alarm. His bell rang like a house afire. His two sisters tore up to his room. He never suspected them, but vowed vengeance upon "the boys."

"Give me something to take this off quick!" he yelled, with a qualifying adjective which I won't repeat.

They were ready for him. "Try ammonia," said Sophie, sympathetically. She flew for some. It was used furiously, the effect being, as the traitorous well knew, to intensify and firmly fix the color. She had provided herself with a dyer and setter. That young man is wearing black, in mind as well as in mustache, and will for a few days, during which time he is somewhat missed from his accustomed haunts.

Keep Trying.

The storekeeper who expects to do much business in 1894 must practice the lesson taught in the following story: Two frogs found themselves in a pail of milk and they could not jump out. One of them was for giving up and said to the other, 'Good bye, I sink, I die.' Said his mate, 'Brace up, you duffer! Keep a jumpin', and see what turns up.' So they kept jumping all night and by morning had so churned the milk that it turned to butter, and they jumped off the butter to the ground.

Applied to business the fable means this: If you want the business of 1894 to exceed that of 1893, 'keep a jumpin'.' Don't cry, 'I sink, I die!' The merchant who continues looking for bad times will not survive to see good times. The man who keeps a jumpin' will see good times first. Carry a level head, buy standard goods and keep a good, clean stock, an attractive store and advertise with bright, attractive ads.

Too Intellectual.

Cholly—Why don't you propose to that girl, Algy?

Algy—I'm afraid of her, my boy. She's too masculine—one of those highly intellectual sort of women, don't you know.

"Bajove! Never heard of it. What has she done?"

She invented a luncheon, me boy; yes, sir—a regular new kind of luncheon. She told me so herself."

In Fashionable Suburbs.

Mrs. Wayback, in railroad train—We must be gettin' near the city now.

Mr. Wayback—Think so?

"Of course. Just look at the outlandish way the houses is painted." Mr. Wayback—Wall, I swan! I thought I was rather economical, but I never would have had the face to use up my odds and ends of paint that way.

Not Forgetting Her Dignity.

Mr. Justice O'Brien, when attorney-general, was once examining a country woman, and thus addressed her: "Now, Mary O'Connor, tell me all you know." etc. The witness, casting an indignant look at her questioner, said with asperity: "Mrs. O'Connor, if you please, Pether!"—Argonaut.

Severely Classic.

Professor—What are you doing there?

Scholar, poring over his books—Digging at Greek verbs.

Professor—What's that for?

Scholar—Oh, I'm going to see if I can pull them up by the roots. You know I'm to be a farmer when I graduate.

A New Whistle for Locomotives.

The bell chime steam whistle consists in producing three distinct tones, pitched, for illustration, to the first, third and fifth of the common musical scale, thus giving an agreeable musical chord. It is more penetrating than the common whistle, and can be heard farther.—Hard war.